

My First Home

By Chris Milson

My first home was a small row house in a suburb of England. I will always remember the feeling I got when I walked into the house for the very first time. This is mine! All mine!

Looking back, it was a big deal to own my home for the first time. But did I really own it? I had a mortgage for about 80% of the cost of the house, having put a down payment of the other 20%. Would you like to know how much this home cost back then? Wait for it! It was \$8,000! I even had to borrow the down payment from an uncle. But, boy, it was worth it.

It was a small and cheerful house, and many friends would drop in for tea, or maybe something stronger! There was always some activity going on; music was often playing loudly, my mom and dad might drop by to help with cleaning and cooking, or sometimes I would be there by myself – that was just as much fun in my first home.

At the time (and this was 1975) I thought the house was quite well equipped. But do you know there was no heating in much of the house – I had to light a fire in the living room, and had to rely on heat from the kitchen to keep the rest of the house somewhat comfortable. Upstairs there were two small bedrooms, and one bathroom. Again, none of this was heated, so on British winter mornings, when it could be very cold and damp, there was a quick run from bedroom to bathroom and back, and then I'd scurry off to work.

Maybe my first home did not have all the modern conveniences we have today. But it felt great to own my home. It was my kingdom! My castle! And I will always remember it!